

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

The Sketch

No. 1145.—Vol. LXXXIX.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1915.

SIXPENCE.



HIGHTY! TIGHTY! MR. ROBERT HALE AS ROBINSON CRUSOE.

As we note under a double-page in this issue, Mr. Robert Hale is the principal boy in his burlesque pantomime, "Robinson Crusoe," which is now a part of the Alhambra revue.—[*Photograph by Wrather and Buys.*]



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



A Lady in Distress.

She really was in distress. Her distress was obvious, even to the pachydermatous male. I, for example, detected it.

"Tell me," I murmured. "I may know something for it."

She hesitated. So I knew that I had only to wait.

"I wonder if you really could help," she said at last.

"The strangest things are always happening," I reminded her.

"That's true," she admitted. "Well, I've got myself into a serious difficulty."

"That's nothing," I assured her. "I'm never out of one."

"Then I don't see how you can help me."

"Don't take me too literally. I mean that I no sooner wriggle out of one than I jump into another. It's a splendid life."

"Tastes differ. Once I get through to-morrow night alive——!"

"The crisis is as near as that?"

"Yes. To-morrow at eight. Shall I tell you? I think I will. To-morrow at eight I have promised to recite 'something patriotic' at a concert. I've learnt nothing, and I know nothing to learn. There!"

"But how very easy! You have the whole of Kipling, and——"

"I can't do Kipling. And if you suggest 'Once more into the breach,' I shall be carried out screaming. Couldn't you *write* me something?"

"Easily. The question is, would they listen to it?"

"You forget the personal charm of the performer."

"Not for an instant. That's why I'll do it if it kills me."

"That's very nice of you. Make it simple, all short words, and it ought to be about that flying-raid that was in the papers this morning. I shall expect it by the first post."

So the following happened. My only excuse for printing the thing is that some other lady in distress may find it useful. She need not ask my permission, and I beg of her to keep the author's name a secret—

THE RAID ON CUXHAVEN.

Hear the tale I have to tell you.

Hear the tale of seven heroes—

Seven heroes with their sea-planes—

Stealing forth on Christmas morning

To the rat-hole of Cuxhaven.

Christmas was the day appointed—
Christmas dear to all the English,
Sweet to all the little children,
Day of gladness and rejoicing,
Day of home and happy fireside.
By the token of those firesides,
To avenge the dead of Scarborough,
To defend our little children,
English come on Christmas morning
To avenge the little children,
To avenge the helpless women,
To avenge the dead of Scarborough!

Now from here, and there, and yonder,
German air-craft make them ready;
Pilots quickly don the helmet;
All is haste, and fear, and panic.
From the shed where she is lurking,
Full of gas, an empty braggart,

Comes at last the mighty air-ship
Tales of which have darkened London.
Up into the air they take her,
Stuffed with bombs and ammunition,
Hoping to destroy the heroes,
Seven heroes and their sea-planes.

But the lurking iron-grey vessels,
Brothers of the sister sea-planes,
Train their guns on that huge gas-bag,
Hit, and rip, and smash, and pelt her,
Till she turns her coward body,
Flees for safety to the inland;
Went on Christmas Day those heroes—
Seven heroes with their sea-planes
To the rat-hole of Cuxhaven.
See them sweeping o'er the waters!
High aloft with engines humming,
Nerves of steel and eyes unflinching,
Sweeping forth to teach the German
That he must not war on women,
That he must not war on children,
That the dead of Scarborough waken.

Far below, the iron-grey cruisers,
Guarding o'er the seven heroes,
Cut the waters of the North Sea,
Cleave a path through their own waters
To the rat-hole of Cuxhaven.

Dawn is breaking when the sea-planes
Sight their prey at rest beneath them,
Snug and safe in coward harbour;
Safe from battle, red with murder,
Gloating o'er the dead of Scarborough.
Swift the word goes round among them,
"Look, the sea-planes! Look, the English!"—
Flees until a brighter day comes—
Day when she may wield her weapons
'Gainst the women and the children.

In the meantime, seven heroes,
Seven heroes in their sea-planes,
Driving off the lesser air-craft,
Aim *their* bombs at cowering Dreadnoughts—
Aim *their* blows at mighty Dreadnoughts,
Not at women or at children. . . .
So, the gallant task accomplished,
Back they turn to little England,
Back to where the iron-grey brothers
Lie in wait and hail their coming.
Six are safe—the gallant seventh,
Ere these lines are in the telling,
May—God grant it!—have been rescued.

*So the tale of Christmas morning,
Christmas Day of Nineteen-Fourteen!
There's a deed will live in history!
There's a story worth the telling—
How the heroes in their sea-planes
Stoned the rat of mean Cuxhaven,
Stoned him for the Crime of Scarborough!*

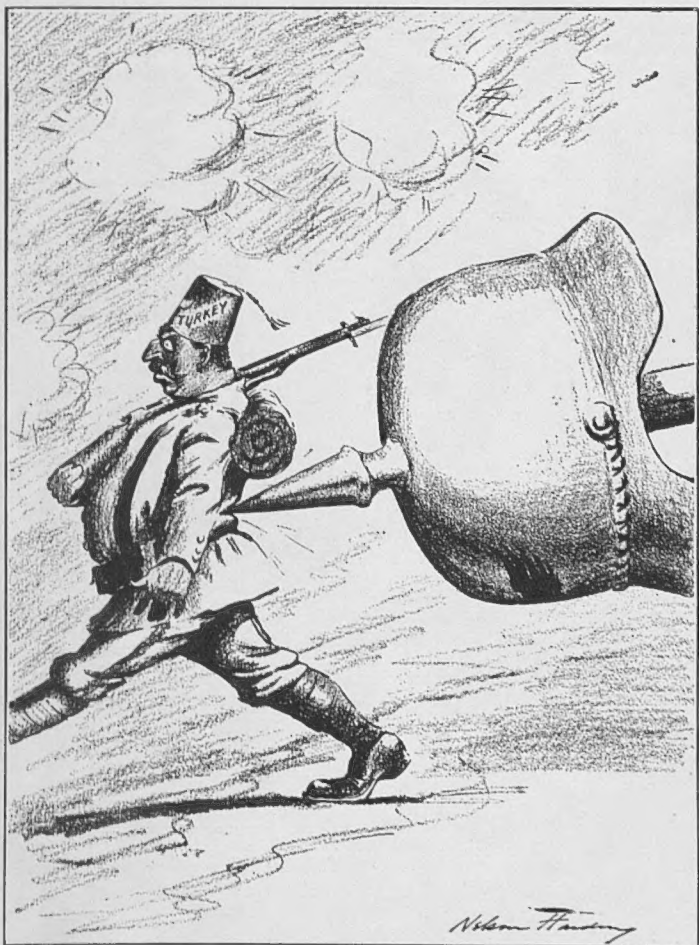
MORE U.S. NOTES — NOT TO US.



"GOOD NIGHT!"—TURKEY BLOWS OUT THE GAS!
By Cesare in the "New York Sun."



"THE KRONPRINZ: 'FATHER HAS BEATEN ME TO IT!'"
By Boardman Robinson in the "New-York Tribune."



"THE SPUR."
By Nelson Harding in the "Brooklyn Eagle."



"THE LEAVES ARE FALLING FAST."—THE KAISER TO HIS TROOPS."
By Robert Carter in the "New York Evening Sun."

In view of the Note recently presented to Great Britain by the United States on the subject of the treatment of American ships trading with neutral countries, these pictorial "Notes" by famous American cartoonists are of particular interest just now.

Indicating as they do the state of American feeling towards our foes, they emphasise the fact that the official Note was an entirely amicable representation. It may be hoped that sensation-mongers on this side of the Atlantic will refuse to yield to temptation.

“SUGAR” FROM GERMAN TRENCHES; TATE AS FIRST-FOOTER.



WITH GIFTS PRESENTED BY THE ENEMY: BRITISH NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AFTER A FRIENDLY CHRISTMAS-EVE VISIT TO THE GERMANS IN THEIR TRENCHES.

The spirit of Christmastide made its influence apparent for a brief interval at the front among the soldiers on both sides. An informal truce, as letters from officers and men relate, seems to have been tacitly come to at many places between the occupants of the rival trenches, where the British and German lines were in proximity. The men of both armies, indeed, met and fraternised midway between

their positions, chatting amicably and exchanging various kinds of souvenirs of the unique event. Our photograph shows a group of British non-commissioned officers as they returned bearing as their mementos a German song-book, rifle, bayonet, helmets, and cap. Firing began again as the day closed. The incident was just a glimpse of the brighter side of the war.—[Photograph by G.N.]

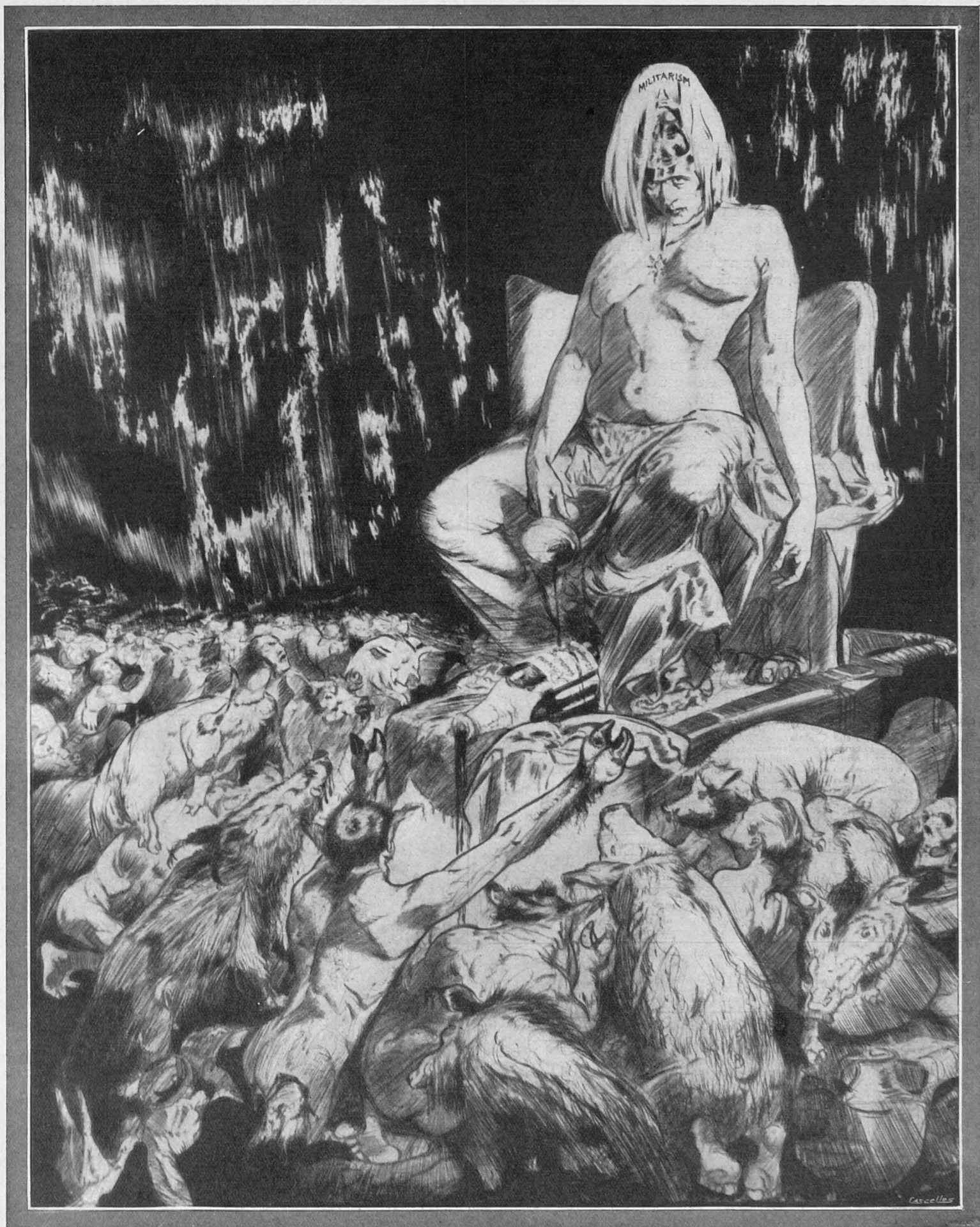


HARRY TATE AS FIRST-FOOTER TO LADIES OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME: THE FAMOUS COMEDIAN AS NEW YEAR LUCK-BRINGER — DESPITE THE “UHLÁN” CAP!

Mr. Harry Tate, being a dark man, had the good luck to be invited to be “first-footer” to the ladies of the revue, “Business as Usual,” at the London Hippodrome.

It was generally voted that his New Year visit must bring luck to the revue and those in it.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

SLAYING MILITARISM WITH THE PENCIL.



AN EXAMPLE OF THE MUCH-DISCUSSSED WAR-CARTOONS BY WILL DYSON: "CIRCE"

The great cartoonist is born, not made, and there is something akin to the power of Matt Morgan, of "Tomahawk" fame, in the work of the young Australian artist, Mr. Will Dyson, one of whose remarkable drawings we reproduce. It is to be seen, with others, at the Leicester Galleries. Mr. Dyson made his name on the "Sydney

Bulletin," and has now captured London. His work is pitiless where injustice, pettiness, and priggery are concerned, and Mr. H. G. Wells has written of him: "Mr. Dyson perceives in militaristic monarchy and national pride a threat to the world, to civilisation, and all that he holds dear, and straightway he sets about to slay it with his pencil."

Republished from the Original, at the Leicester Galleries, by Permission of Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co., who will publish the Cartoons in a Volume called "Kultur Cartoons."

REFERENCE WORKS FOR 1915.

A NEW year and a new "Debrett" are inseparable, and never were the necessity and the value of this important work more obvious than they are in this era of war with its sad inroads upon the records of our great families. Harrison's, of Pall Mall, may always be trusted to turn out the bulky volume in good style; and the editors, the late Sir Bernard Burke and Mr. Ashworth P. Burke, have done their work with the customary care and completeness, making the volume one of the reference-books which rank among the indispensables, the information which it gives having been brought well up to date, despite the heavy toll levied upon our leading families.

The fact that a book of reference has reached its 186th edition is *prima facie* evidence of its value, and for the coming year the "Royal Blue Book and Court Guide," the January edition of which has just been published by Kelly's Directories, Ltd., will be of even more utility than usual. Compiled with care, well printed and well bound, it is a good deal more than a mere directory of people and their abodes, for its many lists of classified official and other persons of position in Government departments, institutions, in Parliament, the London County Council, etc., make it of wide interest and utility.

"Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes" for 1915 (Kelly's Directories, Ltd.; 15s.) is the forty-first annual edition of that very useful work of reference. Its distinguishing features are its handy size and alphabetical arrangement, which make it possible to find at once whether there is anyone bearing a particular title, and, if so, to obtain information about that person. In addition to people of rank, title, or official position, the book includes the chief landowners when they are both owners and occupiers of the principal county seats. This feature gives the Handbook a wider scope than other volumes of its class.

DALY'S Leicester Square, W. (Tel. Ger. 201.)
EVERY EVENING, at 8, MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' Production,
A COUNTRY GIRL,
MATINEES, WEDS. and SATS., at 2. SPECIAL REDUCED PRICES.

GARRICK THE DOUBLE MYSTERY.
TO DAY, and TWICE DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.
ARTHUR BOURCHIER AND VIOLET VANBRUGH
Box office now open. Telephone Gerrard 9513.

EMPIRE. "BY JINGO" REVUE.
"EUROPE," patriotic spectacular divertissement.
A Special Variety Programme. Latest War Telegrams and Pictures.
Evenings at 8. Sat. Mat. 2.30. Manager, Oscar Barrett, jun.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

NOTICE.

MEMBERS of the STOCK EXCHANGE are NOT ALLOWED to ADVERTISE for business purposes, or to issue Circulars or Business Communications to persons other than their own Principals. Persons who advertise as Brokers or Share Dealers are Not Members of the Stock Exchange, or in any way under the control of the Committee. Members issuing Contract Notes are required to use such a form as will provide that the words "Member of the Stock Exchange, London," shall immediately follow the signature.

A List of Members of the Stock Exchange who are Stock and Share Brokers may be seen at the Bartholomew Lane entrance to the Bank of England, or obtained on application to EDWARD SATTERTHWAIT, Secretary to the Committee of the Stock Exchange. Committee Room, The Stock Exchange, London.

BOURNEMOUTH, NORFOLK HOTEL

First class in every detail.
Select clientèle, always well patronised.

CANFORD CLIFFS HOTEL (Near Bournemouth.)

The most beautiful and best equipped Hotel on the South Coast.
The favourite resort for English gentlemen.

DUBLIN, HOTEL METROPOLE

(Next General Post Office). First Class. 100 Rooms.
Restaurant. Free Garage.
"A Week's Tours" around Dublin Post Free.

SENTRY AND POLICE DOGS.

MAJOR RICHARDSON'S SENTRY DOGS (AIREDALES) as supplied many battalions in France and home service—for night outpost duty, guarding camps, prisoners, detached posts, etc., 5 gns. POLICE DOGS (Airedales) as supplied Metropolitan and County Police—best protection against tramps, burglars. For yard or house, town or country, 5 gns., pups 2 gns. SCOTCH, ABERDEEN, FOX (Rough and Smooth), IRISH Terriers 5 gns., pups 2 gns., Blood-hounds 20 gns., pups 7 gns. GROVE END, HARROW. Tel. 423.

CALIFORNIA.

VISIT SAN FRANCISCO EXPOSITION. Ascertain opportunities for business people and Settlers in the U.S.A.

Write or Call: CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE and ST. PAUL RAILWAY.
7, Charing Cross, London, S.W.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH" PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND.	CANADA.
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number) £1 9s. 3d.	Twelve Months (including Christmas Number) £1 11s. 6d.
Six Months, 14s. (or including Christmas Number), 15s. 3d.	Six Months, 15s. 2d. (or with Christmas Number), 16s. 4d.
Three Months, 7s. (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 3d.	Three Months, 7s. 7d. (or with Christmas Number), 8s. 9d.

ELSEWHERE.	ABROAD.
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2.	Three Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.
Six Months, 10s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 1s.	

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

NEVER DESPISE THE ENEMY: GERMANY'S STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.*

No Light Task. "An American," answering his own question, "Can Germany win?" says "No"; but he is at pains to teach us a lesson most nations have needed at one time or another: never despise the enemy. In other words, we are warned that the task before us is not light—a fact appreciated, it is true, less by the average man-in-the-street than by those responsible for the safety of the Empire. With Britain in a condition which may fairly be described as almost normal—certainly in a state of perfect confidence—it is well to recall that there is much work to do, and that in face of an opposition which is inspired by hate. In the words of the recruiting-posters: "Every able-bodied man is wanted now," if the most terrible war the world has known is to come to a reasonably speedy end. "Can Germany Win?" emphasises this, and, in addition, is a valuable contribution to the myriad war-books.

Germany's Resources in Men. "An American" knows Germany well, and has been there since the outbreak of hostilities. He shatters several popular delusions. "The idea that the entire male population of Germany has been flung into the firing-line is," he says, "fantastic. Germany has nearly seventy millions of people. At the commencement of the war only four million men were called to arms. There are only six million men in arms to-day, including over a million of the Landwehr and Landsturm. That, it will be admitted, still leaves over sixty millions of people to dress the streets and the countryside; and I repeat that in outward appearance the calling up of six million of her troops has made no more appreciable difference in Germany than the absence of your quarter of a million men from England. . . . The 'beardless boys' about which we have heard so much are those who would automatically be called up to serve when they reach the age of seventeen. . . . Now as to the old men. To put the matter crudely, but at the same time with fair accuracy, it may be said that the Landwehr and Landsturm represent, as far as duties go, those two classes of troops which in England were formerly known as the Militia and the Volunteers. In Germany, however, though the duties of the Landwehr and the Landsturm are much as I have indicated, there is a difference in the age of the personnel. The German, his military service over, is drafted into the Landwehr; and when the Landwehr has finished with him he may or may not drift into the Landsturm. Thus the majority of the men in the former are middle-aged, and the majority of the latter elderly. . . . The stories of these old men and boys being pushed into the firing-line are 'moonshine.'"

Germany's Resources in Food. The writer thinks, too, that "war of attrition" is used over-lightly. As to food supplies. "When Germany went to war she made quite sure that her national larder was stored as plentifully as her arsenals. You must remember that six million men are now dependent for meals on the State and the German War Office. Of course, the State made full provision to feed these men, simply but in plenty, for two years to come. This I know for a fact. For the rest, the granaries of Germany, without taking count of next year's harvest—or wheat and other supplies which she can obtain from elsewhere—hold at least one year's supply for her full needs. And after that? After that, Germany has ample means of replenishing her national larder both from within and without." She has, "An American" tells us, land under corn which is 300 per cent. greater in extent than ours; her corn, including rye, occupies 35,000,000 acres; her acreage under potatoes is 8,250,000. Germany has also other agrarian advantages. For instance, in the furnishing of England with oats Germany stands second on the list; and, in addition, she also exports to Great Britain year by year enormous quantities of barley, rye, malt, peas, potatoes, and beans. All these she will now, of course, retain for her own purposes." Further, she has a cow to every five people; at least ten goats to every one in England; so many eggs that she used to export 60,000,000 a year to England; over 20,000,000 pigs. "Her great hope is in the strength of her agricultural population. . . . The German Empire alone contains five million peasant owners."

Germany's Lack of "Silver Bullets." Then to money—or rather, Gold. "No money shouts so loud as gold, and by its very shortage in Germany to-day gold is making itself most uncomfortably heard." That means trouble. True, Germany has had no official moratorium: that was bluff—a very stringent unofficial moratorium is in being. "And money grows tighter all the time. Marks have already depreciated nearly five per cent. since the declaration of war, and the rate of gold exchange is so excessive that for practical purposes it has become almost prohibitive. . . . In Germany, such is the flood of paper money, a man is thankful if he can rattle two marks together in his pocket. This is a state of affairs which daily must grow worse. . . . the American bankers do not believe Germany to be solvent." That is a vital weakness. Great Britain's reply to it takes the form of Silver Bullets—the only kind which can kill the Evil One. To Germany's strength the British Empire replies with her manhood, and will reply and reply again. "An American's" book should certainly be read.

* "Can Germany Win?" By an American. (C. Arthur Pearson; 1s. net.)

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

"A LITTLE TOUCH OF HARRY": CHEQUES AND CHECKS.



"WEARIN' A KILT" FOR REASONS OTHER THAN THOSE OF WHICH HIS FATHER SINGS: LIEUTENANT LAUDER, SON OF MR. HARRY LAUDER, LEADING A PRACTICE CHARGE OF THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS (TERRITORIALS) AT BEDFORD.



NOT IN HIS "CHEQUE" SUIT: MR. HARRY LAUDER.



IN A 'CHECK' SUIT: MR. WILLIE FRAME.

It was announced on New Year's Day—that day of good resolutions—that Mr. Harry Lauder had presented a cheque for £1000 to the Duke of Argyll for the Argyllshire Branch of the Prince of Wales's Fund. Mr. Lauder's son, as our upper photograph shows, is a Lieutenant in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. As such, he wears the kilt for reasons other than those recounted by his father in the song about a wife

who used to search the pockets of her husband's trousers "on the back of the bedroom-door-r-r," so that he was always stony-broke in the morning. Mr. Willie Frame, it may be added, was a member of the Concert Party which Mr. Seymour Hicks recently took over to entertain the troops, and more especially the wounded, at the seat of war in France.—[Photographs by Farrington Photo. Co. and Sport and General.]

THE "LITTLE FATHER'S SON"; AND THE RUSSIAN COMMANDER.



1. THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S SON AND HEIR GOES SLEIGHING: THE TSAREVITCH (THE LEFT-HAND FIGURE OF THE TWO BOYS) AND PRINCE ROSTISLAF ALEXANDROVITCH ENJOYING WINTER SPORT.

The photograph of the young Tsarevitch in a sleigh was taken recently at Tsarskoe Selo. It will be observed that his cap bears the name of the Imperial yacht, the "Standard." With him in the sleigh is his cousin, Prince Rostislaf Alexandrovitch, one of the seven children of the Grand Duke Alexander Michailovitch and the Grand Duchess Xenia Alexandrovna. Their English nurse, Miss Coster, is seen in the background, alighting from a carriage, and on the left in the photograph is the Tsarevitch's tutor, M. Gillard. The Tsarevitch was born at Peterhof on July 30, 1904.

2. TELLING A FISH STORY? THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY, THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS, ASSISTS AT A PISCATORIAL "INTERMENT."

Prince Rostislaf, at Aydodor, in the Crimea, on Nov. 11, 1902. The lower photograph is an interesting snapshot of the Russian Commander-in-Chief, the Grand Duke Nicholas (sitting in the chair), at Kokkos, an estate in the Crimea belonging to Prince Youssouppoff, who is seen in the photograph, as is also Prince Nikita Alexandrovitch, third son (born Jan. 4, 1900) of the Grand Duke Alexander Michailovitch. The photograph was taken while some fish were being placed in a piece of ornamental water in the grounds close to the house.—[Photographs by Topical.]

THE WEDDING OF LADY GORST: THE BRIDE.



MRS. PERCY STUART ALLAN—WIDOW OF SIR (JOHN) ELDON GORST, FORMERLY BRITISH AGENT IN EGYPT—
WIFE OF MAJOR ALLAN, OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

The lady whose portrait we give, who was married very quietly the other day to Major Percy Stuart Allan, of the Gordon Highlanders, at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, was the widow of the late Sir (John) Eldon Gorst, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., formerly Agent and

Consul-General in Egypt, and son of the Right Hon. Sir John (Eldon) Gorst, P.C., the well-known statesman. Major Percy Stuart Allan is a popular officer in the Gordon Highlanders. Mrs. Allan is a daughter of Mr. Charles D. Rudd, Ardnamurchan, Argyllshire.

Photograph by Canadian Studio.



PRESIDENT WILSON.

A LITTLE while ago, when Mexico had an especially bad attack of prickly heat, Woodrow Wilson kept his head. He kept something else besides—he kept his conscience clear of war and clear of the reproach of having dallied with the thought of war. It would be easy enough to name Presidents to whom a show of power must have seemed the best way out of the difficulties of last year; it would be far from easy to name any other public man possessed of the courage displayed by President Wilson when he let it be known that he preferred not to fight a country in all ways weaker than his own. American opinion was largely war-like; England was inclined to comment on the weakness of the U.S.A.'s policy; papers yapped about the humiliation of climbing down and the hollowness of American swank. Woodrow Wilson was christened "Wouldn't-row Wilson," and keeps the name. That he will always keep it is the belief of those who happen to know how steadfastly he adheres to principle.

Clean Hands. Let it be remembered he is above all things honest. At the present moment American commerce has a grievance against Great Britain. It is good to know that the situation, as between our Government and Washington, is complicated by no sort of suspicion of unfairness. President Wilson is never got at by the capitalist; he has no vested interests and no truck with graft. People in the States take it for granted that the President has clean hands—things not often taken for granted in the wilderness of American finance and politics. Where America sees her way to be trustful we can afford to put aside suspicions. No faction in America, where factions are wont to think evil, would care to suggest that Washington, in lodging complaints with our Foreign Office, has been unduly influenced by the bosses of the business world.

First Gentleman of America.

The thing is unthinkable to anybody who has come into personal contact with the President. You might as well offer tips to the Elgin marbles or try to corrupt the King of England as "approach" the President. The make of the man is on other lines. He looks what he is, a man of sensibility and fine feeling; he has the strength of Joseph Chamberlain plus the aspirations and ideals that had little or no place in the make-up of the dictator of Birmingham. Woodrow Wilson has razor-like keenness and the driving power of steam-hammers, but for all that is not part of the big machine. The things one is most

conscious of in meeting him are refinement and sympathy. He is the first gentleman in America.

Cracker-Jaw.

Born at Staunton, in Virginia, fifty-eight years ago, he graduated at Princeton, and still loves and is loved by his university. Later, he took degrees at the Johns Hopkins, at Harvard, and at Yale. For several years he was a schoolmaster ("educator" is the American title) with a passion for Wordsworth. His vacations were spent in pilgrimages to the Lake District and to the groves of the muses in various parts of Europe. His first post, was lecturer on politics and political economy at the Bryn Mawr College for Women, and later he was Principal of Princeton. A professor, if needs be, at the breakfast-table, he is a president at luncheon, and one of the gayest and best of companions whenever the combativeness of the working hour is put aside. He is a glee-singer and a great talker: that he knows how "to hand out a cracker-jaw line of talk all right" is the verdict of his audiences.

The Future. His fights with the bosses are famous. During his Governorship of New Jersey he resisted one of the strongest combinations ever brought against one man: even when they realised they had met their match they fought on, and made one last effort at persuasion. James Nugent called, but, finding Wilson adamant, lost his temper. "Good afternoon, Mr. Nugent," said Wilson after an insult, and opened the door. "You 're no gentleman!" cried Nugent. "You 're no judge," said Wilson, still showing the way. But combats are not what he lives for. He lives for "the renewal of the face of the earth in glory."

The Wilson Line. Probably no man could have preserved that ambition in the "wilderness" without the two strong and

consoling supports of poetry and a family. His womenfolk are part of his strength. Mrs. Wilson, of Scotch extraction, is the most popular woman in Washington; and the daughters of the White House, as I am told by one who lately saw them there, are "splendid girls." They are beautiful (of the second of them, in particular, my informant is enthusiastic, but from another source I learn it is the first who takes the palm, and from yet another that it is the third), and all deeply engaged in good works. They are all lovers of England, and it is to the example, habits, and manners (politically speaking) of this country that President Wilson, as he is fond of claiming, owes the system that governs his own public life.



PRE-EMINENTLY A MAN OF "NOTE": PRESIDENT WILSON.

The presentation of the Note to the British Government regarding American vessels trading with neutral countries lends particular interest just now to the personality of President Wilson. He was born of Scots-Irish parents at Staunton, Virginia, on Dec. 28, 1856. He became President of the United States in 1913. Before that he was for two years Governor of New Jersey, and from 1890 to 1910 was Professor of Jurisprudence and Politics at Princeton University.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]

A QUIET WAR-WEDDING: THE IRISH BRIDE.



MARRIED TO A WOUNDED OFFICER: LADY BURKE (FORMERLY MISS ELSIE MATHEWS).

Lady Burke, wife of Sir Gerald Howe Burke, of the Irish Guards, seventh Baronet, was, before her marriage on Dec. 23, Miss Elsie Mathews, daughter of the late Mr. Patrick Mathews, of Mount Hanover, Co. Meath. The marriage took place very

quietly at St. James's Church, Spanish Place, and the bridegroom, a very popular young officer who has already been wounded in the war, is once again under orders for active service.—[*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

PRINCESS CLEMENTINE, a kind of cousin to King Albert, has been helping to talk Flemish to wounded Belgians in London. She visits hospitals, carries messages of encouragement from headquarters in Flanders, and listens, on occasion, to the Belgian National Anthem. Matrons and nurses, however, have sometimes to help out the tune as best they may, for the Belgian private does not sing for ceremony, and if he fancies breaking off in the middle he does so, Princess or no Princess. At the London Hospital, when it was suggested that the national air would make an appropriate welcome for the Princess, the soldiers refused. "Tipperary," they said, was the only song they knew, and "Tipperary" was the song they sang their charming visitor.—The refusal to sing his own National Anthem

is characteristic of the Belgian private, if only because it is so unexpected. You never know where you have him. Whatever he may be in the field, wounded he is a handful, and the smaller the wound the bigger the handful! His great anxiety is to get off to sample the cigarettes and the drinks of London; his one idea of an adventure to elude the vigilance of his nurses. A venturesome young woman who got permission to take twelve convalescent patients to the pantomime was told to be very careful that she brought them back safely. She counted them on entering and leaving the theatre, but when they got back to their ward there were only eleven!

The Cloud of Smoke. The General who disapproves cigarettes, and says

difficulty. The soldier knows the store-room is filled with boxes, and that they are virtually his own property. Moreover, he looks upon hospital as a luxurious respite from the privations of the trenches. No substitute entirely satisfies him, and we imagine his case is not one in which a proxy is of much use. An elegant visitor at a Dunkirk hospital did her talking and reading aloud without getting much response. "Shall I smoke to you?" she asked at last in desperation. Only the patient knows if the idea has any tactical value.

Turks versus Americans.

Another cigarette difficulty! An American who collects supplies of medicines, foodstuffs, clothes,

and other commodities in England and America and takes them himself to France has been sent a parcel of fifty thousand fat and fragrant Turkish cigarettes. The men he supplies in France prefer Virginian. What to do with the more expensive brand? It is thrown away on the privates, but to deprive them of a gift intended for them and to hand it over to officers instead, seems to him to be taking liberties with the cigarettes—and his conscience.

The Awkward Squad. The drilling outside Burlington House is one of the spectacles of the day—a winter exhibition, without turnstiles, of living old masters.

"It's exactly like Morrow's drawing in *Punch*, only more so," an artist who is one of the company tells me. The drawing showed a burly sergeant shouting "'Old up your 'ead, Frampington!" to a distinguished sculptor. Sir George,

it seems, is not the only renowned Academician to be pulled up sharply by the inexorable "non-com." The humour of the situation is that these gentlemen are thus humbled in their own handsome quad.

The Academy of the Trenches. The Academy Squad, being mostly of the

older generation, is for Home Defence; its sons, however, are at the front. Among the latest names to be gazetted is that of Mr. Leonard Stokes's son, who but the other day was a schoolboy at Downside, and who might still be there but for his own initiative in exchanging college for the camp. Downside owes a great part of its present fabric to Mr. Leonard Stokes's admirable planning; his son, for a time, will be an assiduous student of the new architecture—of trenches. If he possesses hereditary talent in that direction, so much the better.



ENGAGED TO MISS CHEYNE:
MAJOR W. E. IRONSIDE.

Owing to an error made by a photographer—a mistake we very much regret—we published recently a photograph of Miss Cheyne, calling her Mrs. W. E. Ironside. We learn that the wedding has not yet taken place, the bridegroom-to-be being on active service. Major Ironside, a well-known and very popular soldier, is serving in the Intelligence Department. He has been mentioned in despatches.

Photograph by Gilham.



A MILITARY WEDDING: CAPTAIN EUSTACE A. MAUDE, WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS CHRISTABEL CLARKE MORRIS WAS FIXED FOR THE 2ND INST.

The bridegroom is a popular officer in the Worcestershire Regiment.

Photograph by Lafayette.

so, is a brave man; he is up against the majority, but not, as some may think, up against "K. of K." himself. Lord Kitchener's official sanction and encouragement of smoking in the Army has nothing to do with the cigarette habit. Perhaps if his own Egyptian brand were generally available he might see no objection to it; but, as things are, he regards the pipe as the more wholesome form of indulgence. General Plumer, who has gone further than any other officer in opposing the cigarette, is now taking a command in the field, and, to live up to his principles, must divert a whole avalanche of charitable "smokes" from his brigade.

Whiffs by Proxy. Sir Herbert Plumer is not

the only person to be somewhat embarrassed by the sudden triumph of the cigarette. To the hospital authorities at the front the necessity of refusing an unlimited supply to their patients is no small



MISS AILEEN WISE, WHOSE WEDDING TO MR. HENRY S. GUNN WAS FIXED FOR DEC. 31, 1914.

The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. Hugh Stanley Wise, of Higher Coombe, Lustleigh, Devon. The bridegroom, Mr. Henry Sommerville Gunn, is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Gunn, of Elmfield, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.

Photograph by Lafayette.



MARRIED TO LADY GORST ON DEC. 24, 1914: MAJOR PERCY STUART ALLAN.

Lady Gorst is the widow of the late Sir J. Eldon Gorst, and eldest daughter of Mr. C. D. Rudd, of Ardnamurchan; and Major Allan is in the Gordon Highlanders. The marriage was celebrated very quietly at the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

Photograph by Beresford.

AN ALARM AND A BASEMENT.





MR. Alfred de Rothschild's dwelling is again catching the eye of the passer-by. Just as he was one of the first private householders to put out his lights—such lights!—on the chance of a raid, he now seems to be one of the first to cover his roof with wire-netting. From his top windows he saw the authorities busy with precautions round the corner, and he has gone one better. The netting is hardly visible, and looks as if acrobats rather than Zeppelins were expected to perform over Mr. de Rothschild's chimney-pots.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. DREVER JOICEY: MISS MARY LIZETTE GREY.

Miss Grey is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grey, of Milfield, Northumberland.

Photograph by Bacon.

limited, Piccadilly merchants were able to command what price they liked for one of the few German products for which London retains its appetite. Many people still gave and received the customary *pâté*, with the difference that, if last year yours was the size of a loaf, this year it was no bigger than a bun.

Flight-Commander Hewlett Safely Landed.

Everyone was very glad to hear the good news, on New Year's Day, that Flight-Commander F. E. T. Hewlett, who was missing after the great air raid on Cuxhaven which he and seven other naval airmen so gallantly carried out, had been picked up by a Dutch trawler and safely landed in Holland. Not being engaged in an act of war when he was picked up, he has not been interned. Our readers will remember that a portrait of the young airman appeared on our front page last week,



ENGAGED TO MISS GLADYS HENDERSON: LIEUTENANT FRANK CONYERS BAKER, R.N.

Lieut. Baker, of H.M.S. "Legion," is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Conyers Baker, of 22, Cottesmore Gardens, Kensington.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

The Rothschilds, by the way, have received a multitude of condolences in regard to the supposed disappearance of the Strassburg pie. Several papers have printed expressions of sorrow for them and for the friends who are lamenting the discontinuance of a regular Rothschild Christmas-box of *pâté de foie gras*. As a matter of fact, the Strassburg pie was still to be had at Christmas, though at great expense. The supply being very



WIDOWED BY THE WAR: MRS. ARCHIBALD ALASTAIR McLEOD.

Mrs. Archibald McLeod is the widow of the late Captain Archibald Alastair McLeod, of the 1st Batt. Gloucestershire Regiment, who fell while gallantly leading his company into action to take a farm held by the Germans. He was the younger son of the late Lieut-General W. K. McLeod, of the Highland Light Infantry, and nephew of the late Lieut-General Sir John McLeod, G.C.B., Colonel of the Black Watch. Captain Archibald McLeod served with great distinction in the South African War, and was mentioned in despatches. He was married last June to Marie Jeannette Amelia, youngest daughter of Lord Fitzwarrine Chichester, and granddaughter of the fourth Marquess of Donegall.

All the Difference.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett was in no need of the stimulus of a great personal anxiety: he was heart and soul in the war long before his young son took part in the Cuxhaven raid. From his pen have come the series of ballads, including "The *Gloster* and the *Goeben*," that make so inspiring a contribution to the literature of the war. Finding that the habits

of a lifetime are of necessity thrown over, he has done no novel-writing since August, and has no idea when he will again be able to take up the reins of romance. "An eminent novelist tells me," said Professor Gilbert Murray in a lecture last week, "that he does not know what sort of books he will write after the war, but that he knows they will be different." Maurice Hewlett was in the room; it was easy to recognise the Professor's novelist.

Red Cross Game.

The passing of Christmas marked no relaxation in the extraordinary energies of the Royal Family. With the funds they swell and the larders they fill it was no case of a week of plenty followed by a fortnight of short commons and remnants. The King in particular has shown his eagerness to keep up the supplies, and gifts of royal game are still arriving at various centres for wounded soldiers. There

is a saying current that all casualties on the moors and in the coverts are best dealt with in the hospitals. The result is that partridges, pheasants, hares, and rabbits are no sooner hit than they are given in charge of the Red Cross matrons.

An Earl on Active Service.

When Mr. Belloc visits the bedside of a wounded officer, as he did the other day at Guy's, the ward is all agog with interest. He is one of the few civilians who win the ear of the soldier; and he has, moreover, a voice that carries across at least a dozen beds. His lectures at the Queen's Hall are always well attended by military, and at the last of them the audience included several officers of standing. But too great a tribute was paid to the dash of one soldier by the paper which stated that Earl Fitzwilliam was also present. At the time of the lecture he was in the thick of the things described by Mr. Belloc, with no possibility of getting either to Queen's Hall or the hunting field.

Bedford Square adds yet another interesting inhabitant to its lists in the person of the infant daughter of Sir Johnson and Lady Forbes-Robertson. Before she is much older she will live in a new world of literary and artistic association.



ENGAGED TO MISS MARY LIZETTE GREY: THE HON. DREVER JOICEY.

Mr. Drever Joicey is the fourth son of Lord Joicey, of Ford Castle, Northumberland, by his second marriage, to Margaret Smyles, daughter of the late Colonel Drever, H.E.I.C.S.

Photograph by Weston.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT FRANK CONYERS BAKER, R.N.: MISS GLADYS HENDERSON.

Miss Gladys Henderson is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Henderson, of Dunlugas, Banffshire.

Photograph by Swaine.

tions; each year the Square sheds some of its formal and official characters for a more picturesque population. In Lady Ottoline Morrell and Lady Forbes-Robertson it possesses two rare figures; they suit its stately trees and tall porticos far better than the unornamental solicitor. The older householders are conscious of the change, and one lawyer on the south side has lately started a collection of *belles-lettres*.

AS IT MAY BE SEEN BY BRITISH SEAPLANES!



"UNUSUAL ACTIVITY IN THE KIEL CANAL."

DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAVE.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE COUP.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE aviator regretted the military proscription that forbade him cigarettes on active service. This aviator used cigarettes as an actor-manager used limelight—that is, to accent the value of dramatic moments, and just now he was experiencing such a moment. He had flown in a number of contests and under all manner of splendid conditions, and he had used his cigarette with such effect that even newspaper men had made epigrams about it. He had, however, never started to fly under conditions so dramatically spectacular as on this occasion when he must fly without a cigarette, and he felt that he was not obtaining the most savour out of life.

There was a Royal Personage and an assortment of Generals to see him start, and every one of them had a name that was going to appear in the history they were now making. Behind each of them trailed a penumbra of officers who appeared to have made their costumes deliberately gaudy, so that, on a future day, an historian might be able to write of any one of the Generals "that his simple and plain-cut uniform was in sharp contrast to the brightness and glitter of his Staff." It was curious how one got this effect, though every man on the field was garbed in a field uniform that looked like a colour-scheme made up of snuff and chalk. There was a peppering of officers about the big clearing too, a sick biplane in the throes of misfiring, and a string of portable hangars with planes folded inside them. The place was germed with soldiers. They stood in ranks under the trees, they spilled themselves over the clearing, doing many things with wooden gestures. Now and then a squad would cut across the muddy grass, their legs going all together, like the beat of a metronome. The trees cut off the field from the world like a curtain. The sky was flat and grey, and it seemed that it had been cut so that the trees might be inlaid upon it. Beyond the trees—and even, it seemed, beyond the sky—there was an eternal and frightful uproar of great guns. The aviator knew by the mad incoherence and the huge and utter senselessness of the sound that a great battle was in progress. He knew he was going to fly over that monstrous battle. He felt that it was not at all improbable he would be the means of winning it. He had been deliberately chosen for this great moment and this great end. That was why he wanted the cigarette. It was the most important and dramatic moment of his career.

The Royal Personage and the Generals had spoken to him, remembered his past achievements, and impressed upon him the gravity and wonder of this flight he was about to make. Thanks to them, he quite understood that a nation was depending solely on him. Now Royalty and the Generals were impressing the importance of the occasion on the observer. The aviator was a little contemptuous of observers—mainly because they were usually cavalry officers and because they were unable to fly a machine as he flew one; but mostly because they were able to make military sense out of the jumble of lozenges and dots and blobs that form the aviator's eye-view of a battle-area, and he was utterly incapable of doing so. They were necessities whose importance was a trifle exaggerated, and thus he was nettled to note that the Generals were in danger of making the observer imagine that a nation depended solely on him too. He began to wish that he had taken a stiff course in military topography and scouting, so that he could go up alone, earn his laurels without division.

He busied himself in the padded luxury of his seat in an ostentatious preparation for his flight. He touched the buttons of the nest of drawers under the steel dashboard. He knew everything was ready, but it gave him a sense of efficiency to look again. The Thermos flask with its hot drink was in its holders, the chocolate-cubes in their tin-foil were easy to the reach, the petrol-saturated sponge for cleansing the goggles was inevitably to hand, the tiny flask of brandy, the first-aid packet, and even the half-lemon to stay the thirst were all as they should be. Against the luxurious upholstery that extended from the club-chair seat along the sides of the limousine the revolver swung from its holster eager to the fingers.

At the observer's post behind, all was in readiness too. The Thermos flask, chocolate, and the rest were all in their places.

The large-scale ordnance map on its rollers, with the pad beneath it to give firmness to the recording pencil, could be swivelled over the observer's lap at a touch; even the sharpened pencils of various colours, that were to mark the map with the various positions of hostile troops, swung from their strings ready for immediate use. The bombs on their drum were poised for the pressure of the foot-lever that would set them free—all was ready.

Still the Generals endangered the modesty of the observer. Still they seemed determined to make him think that a mere passenger who could perceive, at so many hundred feet up, that a worm with kinks in it was a battery moving into action was more important than the man who drove the machine and who couldn't tell the difference between a flanking force and a convalescent camp.

But the aviator was soon able to show them their mistake. In a minute the observer had saluted with a perfection that made the aviator sneer, had marched to the machine and climbed into his seat behind. That was the flyer's chance. Without parade, he got his engine going. He let the huge and exquisite thing race for a moment—in spite of the silencers, his attuned ear sensing its growth of power. Then on the high beat of speed he started the propeller, and with a swinging rush lifted the "bus" sheer off the ground. He hoped the medal-spotted Generals would appreciate the skill of that, for it was a fine feat: his wheels could not have touched ground for more than a few yards. Then up he went, up in a vivid spiral, climbing the sky in a ladder of flight; in seven minutes his dials showed 7000 feet, and after that he steadied, went shooting like a star across the trees into the noise of the battle.

As the trees were topped the huge sound of fighting blew into their faces like a gale. It flung itself at them, strove to exterminate them by mere force of incredible uproar. "Monstrosities of slaughter must be going on just beyond the trees," was the first thought. Beyond the trees the ground was bare, and a dreary swing of lat land slipped towards a drab horizon smouldering in haze. In its giant stride the 100-h.p. engine swept the machine across the plain, leapt at the haze. And the haze was war.

The observer suddenly called out, and for a moment the aviator wrenched his eyes from the multiplicity of gauges and controls to look earthward. Even over the telephone he had heard the note of elated satisfaction in the observer's voice. The plane had passed the steaming line of the enemy's battle-front now, and was working down to scouting level as it turned and swept the area behind that line from end to end. The aviator looked downward, steadily probing the surface of the earth to find out what had made the observer so happy. He saw what he had seen on many a battle-field: clusters of mushroom men, worms of men, all set on the green and dun array of lozenges that were the fields of the battle-area. The clusters and worms looked like every one of the clusters and worms he had ever seen—just as futile and as uninspiring as ever. He frowned. He would have given half his skill to wrench some meaning out of that huddled array. He frowned again; he was wondering what was lacking in his intellectual make-up that prevented his making sense out of the military array mottling the earth beneath. He called into the free end of his telephone—

"What's doing? Anything going forward?"

"Anything!" called the thin, excited voice. "ANYTHING! Man, it's everything! Those big pots were right. It's big, man—the biggest thing of this war. Big! Lord, it's too big for the world!"

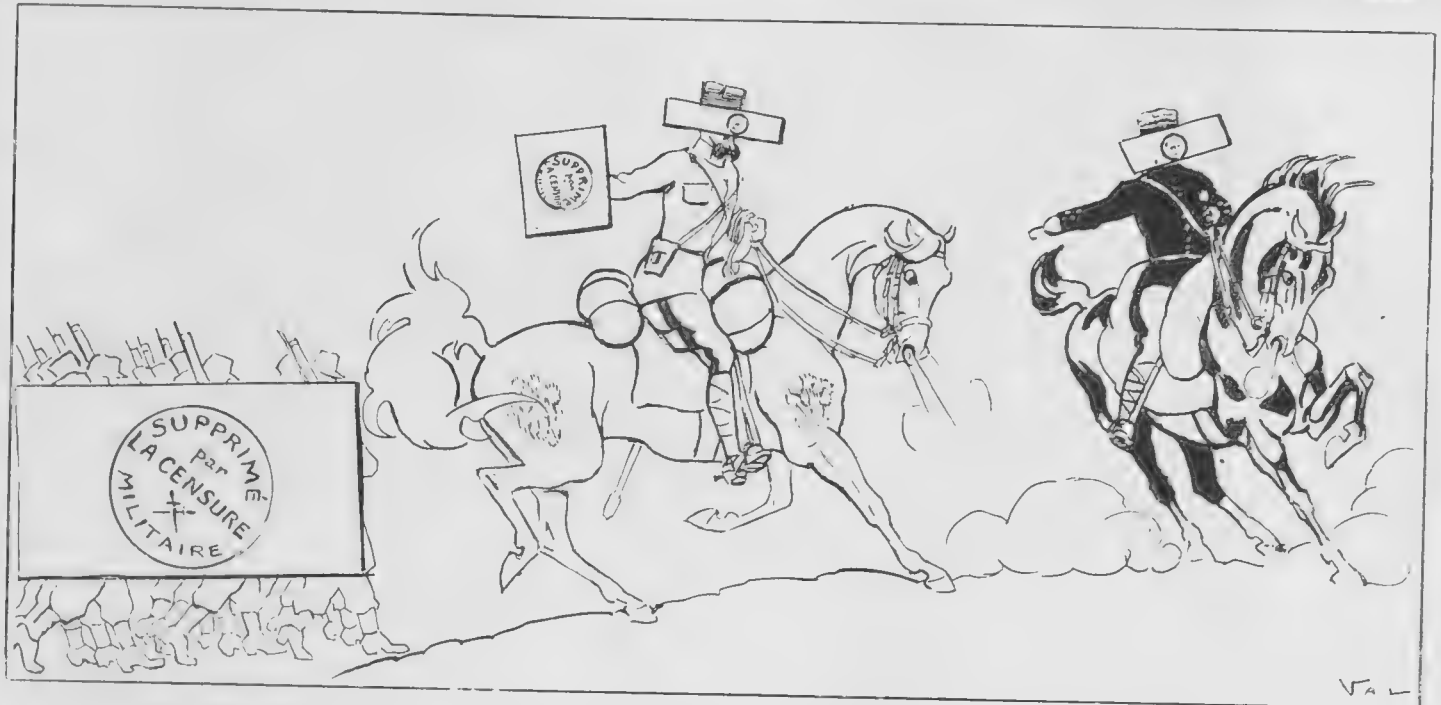
The aviator cursed him for an excited and indefinite enthusiast.

"Yes," he shouted back, his voice fighting the back-draught of the propeller. "Yes; I can guess all that from your chuckles—but what does it mean?"

"Mean—what does it mean? But man, surely YOU can see that!" ("The feller's an infernal prig," considered the aviator.) "It's written across the whole world like a large-size advertisement for soap. Why—why—it just jumps up at you. The biggest,

[Continued on page 20.]

FRANCE HATH HER CENSOR, TOO!



"AT THE SAME INSTANT, HAPPILY, A FURIOUS GALLOP RESOUNDED ALONG THE ROAD FROM —, AND, FULL OF JOY, OUR COLONEL CRIED: 'THEY ARE THE —' THEY WERE. AS A MATTER OF FACT, THE —"



"DESPITE THIS REINFORCEMENT, IT WAS HOT WORK, CAPTAIN —, OF THE — COMPANY OF THE — REGIMENT, ESPECIALLY DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF, LEADING HIS MEN IN AN IRRESISTIBLE CHARGE. WE LOST — MEN, BUT THE ENEMY LEFT — DEAD IN THE RUINS OF THE VILLAGE OF —"



AT THE END OF THE — VICTORY — — — — — IMPORTANT STRATEGIC POINT — — —
 'I AM VERY PLEASED WITH YOU,' SAID OUR GENERAL TO US."

greatest, most magnificent thing—most magnificent coup for the Flying Arm in this war. And *we're* in it. It's ours. Man, it's ours, and all its glory."

"Idiot!" snarled the aviator's mind. "If you must talk, why not talk facts?"

"Major's crowns, and medals, and mention in the despatches, pensions, big talk in all the newspapers, heroics: no end—that's what it means. We'll be great national celebrities. We're going to win this battle where we might be beaten—we're going to win this war. The whole bloomin' hope of the nation is now with us."

"Triple idiot!" thought the aviator; but he began to glow, began to get excited. He was out for all these glorious things; he began to see them coming on him in a shower. But he wished the fool would tell him something definite.)

"Yes," he snapped again across the telephone—he wished he could see the man and wrench something from him face to face—"yes; but what does it mean? how does it affect our force? What are these chaps about to do, and what ought our men to do while they are doing it?"

"Ware 'Archibald'!" yelled the voice across the 'phone. "They're going to kill us dead if they can. And I don't blame 'em. We just kill them if they don't."

Somewhere ahead of the swooping plane there broke out the thin scream of an upsoaring shell. Four hundred yards away, well off the line of flight too, the air abruptly shattered: a vivid spark like the flash of magnesium burst from nothing, and a dull green coronal of smoke gushed out from its edges. The eyes of the aviator came back to his work again. He banked his machine with a delicate and superb skill, flew by the smoke in a great double "S." Even as the gout of green fume hung in the air, six more of the anti-aircraft shrapnels flicked upward by "Archibald" burst in the precise places where the aeroplane was not. With the grace of a Russian dancer the machine flitted, pirouetting, among the hanging clouds of the shell-smoke.

"Good man!" snapped the voice of the observer. "Now turn, go back straight for a mile, then turn and do the ground again. I've got to get this thing as precise and certain as a blue-print. And for the Lord's sake be careful. They're going to do their best to stop us. They've got to. It means the end of them if we get this news off and safe—the end of them if we make our scoop, the annihilation of our lot if they wing us. They're going to try hard. Look out for 'em."

In a long curve of delight the plane came about, flowed round, swooped forward again on its return journey. But the aviator was not pleased with the sweet working of his machine. He was scowling; his excitement at the huge meaning behind his movements, his burning desire to know just what great thing they were doing, just what honours and glories he was even now piling up for himself, chafed his spirit and made him angry. Why should this barrack-room observer act like a minor Sphinx? Why shouldn't he know what was going on? Why should he be baffled in this way? He would have spoken his mind savagely, but events were keeping him busy.

They were flying low on a scouting level, and the enemy beneath were making it hot. Anti-aircraft guns from a dozen positions were pumping shell after shell at them, all the infantry in the lines seemed to have taken fire and the atmosphere became lethal with the perpetual upspouting of bullets—and it is riflemen in mass that form the terror of the flyer. An "Archibald" on a bumping motor-lorry was trying to follow them along a tortured road. In a minute there would be planes up from the enemy's 'drome, probably mounted with a spitting mitrailleuse for their destruction. The course of events was lively. The aviator had uses for every fibre of his wits.

"Back now," came the tantalising voice of the observer over the 'phone. "It's great, it's vast. Our names are in history, man, after this. We'll get Government grants. We'll have made the greatest victory of modern times possible—saved the greatest *débâcle*. Oh, my chap, you can't tell how vast it is. . . . And I've got it all right, I think, but go over the ground just once. Must be sure of it—MUST!"

"Sure of what?" snarled the aviator. "Sure of what—what is it?"

Two rifle-bullets, one after the other, went through the rubberoid skin of the planes with a double "zug." Somewhere close up to them a shrapnel went off like the smashing of a hundred plates; the aviator never saw the explosion, but an acrid whiff of cordite stung the back of his throat and he heard the soft bullets smacking on the steel plates of the fusilage: hot specks of brass from a struck cable-strainer whipped his cheek too. The steel of the fusilage roared again as the spate of a mitrailleuse caught it for a fraction. Then the plane was rushing onward again in the smooth waters of the air, not at all damaged.

The great plane kicked a little against his wrists as the air-punch from the exploding shell hit the machine; but the aviator's wrists were those of a jockey, and he eased the 'bus steady, as a jockey masters a nervous horse. The shells, with their sparkling come-and-go of core, hung in air about him, but he swung his course

consummately and escaped. He was thrilled. The excitement, the knowledge of the "big" thing he was accomplishing, the hope of the "big" and glorious rewards, made his blood race.

"How goes it?" he shouted into the 'phone. "How goes it?"

"Oh, fine," answered the voice in a muffled accent; and the aviator knew the meaning of that—could see the observer hanging over his powerful glasses, hanging over the map on the rollers, could see the swift play of the coloured pencils as corps, batteries, brigades, regiments, and squadrons were marked on the ordnance surface. "Oh, fine," cried the thick voice. "I'm dotting my 'i's.' But I've got it all safe. No mistake. We've made our scoop."

"How do we scoop?" cried the excited pilot.

"Half a mo'," answered the observer. "I must get it all down sure. Turn home at that village. And get up too, man. The place is a measles of guns."

As the plane went up and round, the atmosphere began to quiver with explosion. The air all about them flowered with the sinister blooms of shrapnel smoke. The air was tingling with the whistling upshoot of nickelled bullets. The steel sides of the plane began to sound like a galvanised roof in a hailstorm. There was the "cluck" and ring of bullets on the whirling propeller. A cable stung and parted, and as it curled up it snatched a strip out of the aviator's leather helmet and drew blood from his head. But he was round, mounting, flying home.

He was exultant, though he knew he was not yet safe. It was not shrapnel alone that the enemy used. Every now and then his ear caught above the rush of the wind the thick and clogged detonation of a high-power shell. Once he scudded through the tail of their thick and greasy smoke, and it nearly choked him to unconsciousness. But he was exultant. They had made the scoop of the war—they were henceforth to be creatures of fabulous glory and fabulous reward.

Now and then the beggars came close. A big shell smashed with almost stunning effect right overhead. The plane swung and dived under the air disturbance, but his jockeyship soon righted that; the cables sang and thrilled with the vibration; the plane-surface was flecked and gashed with shell-fragments, and the plates on the body clanged. But the aviator managed his machine like a great general. He handled her superbly; he swung her easy, and brought her clear.

And he knew he could and would bring her through. Giant success was speeding them forward. They could not fail now, they could not make mistakes, they could not be beaten. They swam at swift gait through the thinning strings of shrapnel smoke; the whistling of the bullets died, the heavy thudding of the great shells sagged behind. They were away and safe. They were taking the greatest news of the war to headquarters safely. They were planing straight to splendour and to glory. Not Castor and Pollux riding the wind to the victory of Regillus could have made progress so intense with vast purpose and immortal honour as their progress back to headquarters with the greatest news of the war, with all the means and chances of great victory.

Down, down in one long volplané, that sung through space like a chord of undying music, they passed over the plain, they leaped the trees. The flying-ground burst to life as they rushed earthward. Officers and men ran about in the manner of excited ants. The Generals were running, the Royal Personage was running. The news was certainly vast. It was news of victory or annihilation, as the observer had said. The movements of the Generals proved that.

The mind and heart of the aviator went wild with joy. He knew Fame stood ready with her laurels, he knew that fortune was unclasping her purse, he knew that the immortal pen of history was entering his name on the scroll of transcendental and valorous events. He reached the ground, stopped his machine, sprang to his feet, waved the scampering Generals on with a joyous aim.

"A coup!" he yelled. "A coup! The greatest news of the war." There was cheering all over the flying-ground. The Generals ran forward, some smiling, some endeavouring to be dignified and to scowl down this theatrical, Robert Browning method of gloating over success. The aviator yelled his joy again. Then he stopped. All the Generals had stopped. They were looking with startled eyes at the aeroplane—at the observer's seat. A hand of ice caught at the aviator's heart. He swung about, glared at the observer.

The observer was lying back in his seat; the jerk of landing must have flung him back. His neck was stretched upward in a dreadful manner. Practically all of his face, certainly all his forehead, had been carried away by a shell fragment. The aviator remembered the big shell that had burst above them, remembered that the observer was the only one who *knew* what was going on behind the enemy's line. He gulped, and then gulped again. After all—after all, there was the map.

He almost flung himself across to the observer's perch to get hold of the map—the map that would tell the tale of the great coup.

Where the map had been a few ragged strips of printed linen-backed paper fluttered in the wind. There was no map. The shell-fragment that had slain the observer had torn the map away, dashed it in strips across the heavens. Nothing remained.

THE END.

HONG KONG, CHINA.

CALCUTTA, INDIA.

ST PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.

TRANSVAAL, SOUTH AFRICA.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

IDAHO, UNITED STATES.

GIBRALTAR, SPAIN.

CAIRO, EGYPT.

ONTARIO, CANADA.

MONTERRAT, WEST INDIES.

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

NIGEL, SOUTH AFRICA.

TESTIMONY FROM OVER SEAS

All these are portraits of children fed on the "Allenburys" Foods.

Gratifying evidence as to their value is constantly coming to hand from all parts of the world.

Such testimony is received, not only from parents, but also from an ever increasing number of members of the Medical and Nursing Professions.

MILK FOOD No. 1
From birth to 3 months.

MILK FOOD No. 2
From 3 to 6 months.

MALTED FOOD No. 3
From 6 months.

Pamphlet, "Infant Feeding and Management," sent free.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.,
Lombard Street, London.

The Allenburys' Foods

"Her food for 2 years was yours only."
 "The greatest blessing to Baby."
 "Has never had a days illness."
 "Has never had a days illness."
 "Healthy, happy and intelligent."
 "A fine rosy-cheeked baby."
 "Brought up entirely on your Foods."
 "Thoroughly healthy and strong."
 "Healthy, strong and active."
 "The picture of health."
 "Reared entirely on your Food."
 "Wonderful progress due to your Foods."
 "Your Foods show good results."

"Brought up from birth on the 'Allenburys' Foods"

TESTIMONY FROM THE BRITISH ISLES

All these are portraits of children fed on
 the "Allenburys" Foods.

The remarks appearing underneath each picture are extracts
 taken from the letters received with the photographs.

The "Allenburys" Foods provide a complete and progressive
 dietary—they develop firm flesh and strong
 bone—and children thrive upon them
 as on no other diet.

MILK FOOD No. 1
 From birth to 3 months.
MILK FOOD No. 2
 From 3 to 6 months.
MALTED FOOD No. 3
 From 6 months.

Pamphlet, "Infant Feeding and Manage-
 ment," sent free.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.,
 Lombard Street, London.

The Allenburys' Foods

BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKIES



STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE: CRUISER CAPTURING ENEMY LINER.

"RED SEAL" PER DOZ. 48/-

"BLACK & WHITE" PER LOZ. 54/-

"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" PER DOZ. 60/-
(AN EXTRA SPECIAL BLEND OF CHOICE OLD WHISKIES.)

BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKIES ARE WELL MATURED AND PERFECTLY BLENDED. THEIR VAST STOCKS IN SCOTLAND ENSURE AN UNFAILING SUPPLY OF THE SAME FAULTLESS QUALITY.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Our New Year.

We are entering on it with high hearts, feeling that it will bring hard things and many trials, but that we may hope for victory, and that we are a better, braver, more self-sacrificing people than we were when last year began. The fire of war is a very awful kind of regeneration, but it is thorough, and its effects will be lasting. How funny the old phrases sound now if we recall them: "Germany has only friendly intentions"; "Why should we have universal service?—No one threatens"; "The people of England may sleep easy in their beds—the coast is quite secure"—there are dozens of such; but, thank goodness, that

which even English people freely uttered, "This country is going to the dogs," has proved the most foolish of them all. So magnificent are our men and such daring deeds have they done that we go about wishing each other "A Happy New Year" feeling that the wish is already granted. Who is not happy to be British? And if there are any Britishers not proud and happy—why, they are not worthy of their Army and Navy!

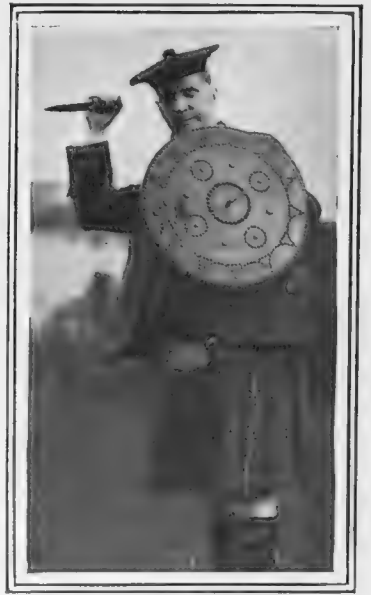
New Fashions.

Of course, there are new modes—they evolve themselves from current circumstances. How much more practical has dress become since the war! It was quite usual during the Christmas and New Year

the outbreak of war; consequently the beautiful linens, lingerie, robes, curtains, etc., so well known as being the best of their kind, will be offered at extraordinarily low prices. Handkerchiefs are a really sensationally fine line from the point of view of the buyer; damask table-cloths come into the same category. In linen sheets, bath-towels, and bedroom-towels there are many bargains. Those who like dainty dress will find in the blouses irresistible temptation, and there are some wonderfully cheap dressing-gowns. A well illustrated and comprehensive catalogue of the sale will be sent free on application, and is a guide to most excellent and sound investments for the household and also the person. To those who have boys and girls fitting out for school the opportunity is one of special importance.

Make a Note of the Eleventh,

Because it is the first day of Harrod's great one-week sale, which will be the finest saving opportunity of 1915. In this troublous time of war we are all bent on economies. The surest economy is to buy good things cheap. Harrods offer an opportunity of doing so for one week, during which a really reliable economy for a whole year may be effected, because substantial reductions are made, which may not again be possible, on things for the family, household, and person, of the exceptionally high standard for which the firm is famous. If it is impossible to visit the celebrated establishment—as much a pleasure as a profit—to order by post from the comprehensive catalogue, which will be sent free on application, is the next most practical step. It must be remembered that on the 15th remnants will be sold at half-price. Those who know how splendid Harrods' materials are will appreciate this reminder. Substantial reductions will be made in fashionable blouses; there is, in fact, possibility in each department of effecting a real saving for the whole year—it is a sale for economists. I would recommend every reader to write for the catalogue as a guide to proceedings, if a visit is possible—as a list from which to send orders by post, if not. Harrods' one-week sale is always a favourite with those who desire real economy. This year it is a more wonderful opportunity than ever.



THE WEARIN' O' THE KILT: MR. LOUDEN McQUEEN DOUGLAS, F.S.A., F.R.S.E., WHO IS FORMING A KILTED REGIMENT.

Mr. Loudon McQueen Douglas is heading a movement to raise a national Scottish kilted regiment for service. He is President of the Scottish Society, one of whose objects is to promote the wearing of the kilt.—[Photograph by Smith.]



AN AUSTRALO-CANADIAN ALLIANCE: A DAUGHTER OF THE PREMIER OF QUEENSLAND MARRIED TO THE SENIOR CHAPLAIN OF THE CANADIAN FORCES.

Miss Elsie Mary Denham, elder daughter of the Hon. Digby Denham, Premier of Queensland, was married on Dec. 29 to Major the Rev. R. H. Steacy, Senior Chaplain of the Canadian Forces. The wedding took place at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. The bride's sister, Miss Winnie Denham, was the only bridesmaid, and the best man (who, like the bridegroom, was in khaki) was Captain Alec Gordon, of the Canadian Contingent.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

weeks to see women dining at quite the smartest restaurants in high bodices and walking skirts, and wearing hats. Many were going on to play or pantomime, and taxis are not over-plentiful, so it is well to be prepared for eventualities. What pretty soft chiffon and lace bodices one saw at these places, what smart small hats, what charming coiffures and cosy fur coats—laid aside, of course, during dinner. Hand-bags, too, have changed in that they are larger and more substantial; they are, in fact, more useful than strictly ornamental. Muffs are, of course, fitted as bags; I saw one of ermine the other night fitted with purse, vanity-case, etc., which was the shape of an egg, and was assured it was quite the latest from Paris. I conceived no great fancy for it, but I hear that many women complain of the lack of warmth in the large flat muff, which is practically unpadded. This with the shape of an egg had the warmth of a cosy. I notice also that boots, shoes, and gaiters are of a far more practical kind than they were, and I am told that, largely as this is caused by the more practical lives women are leading, it is also because cheap and showy and unreliable foot-wear from Vienna and Berlin is not reaching us. Our poor feet, from both points of view, will be profoundly grateful.

A Fine Opportunity.

A really great winter sale is now in progress at Robinson and Cleaver's magnificent Linen Hall in Regent Street. That well-known and reliable firm have determined to make an absolute clearance of all their stocks accumulated during the depression in trade caused by



HELPING TO ENTERTAIN 800 BELGIAN REFUGEE CHILDREN IN THE GUILDHALL: THE COUNTESS OF LIMERICK (WEARING A WHITE STOLE) AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

The entertainment in the Guildhall on Dec. 30 to some 750 to 800 children of Belgian refugees was a great success. It included cinema pictures, presents of toys, and music. Princess Clementine of Belgium (Princess Napoleon) was present, and many other distinguished people. The Countess of Limerick suggested the entertainment, which was organised by the "Evening News." The group in our photograph also includes the Countesses Nada and Zia Torby, Lady Newborough, Lady Troubridge, Lady De Trafford, Miss Violet De Trafford, the Hon. Mrs. Needham, Miss Barker, Miss Scott Robson, and Miss Troubridge.—[Photograph by Topical.]

LOOK YOUR VERY BEST



CUTICURA SOAP

And Cuticura Ointment tend to promote and maintain the natural purity and beauty of the hair and skin, the first requisites of beauty.

Samples Free by Post

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold everywhere. Sample of each with 32-p. book free from nearest depot: Newbery, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole props., Boston, U.S.A.

DR. PIERRE'S EAU DENTIFRICE.

THE BEST dentifrice for the Hygiene of the Mouth and preservation of TEETH.



SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

Samples 2d. from Depot C, 203, REGENT STREET, W.

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Nothing can equal this for Asthma, Catarrh, Ordinary Colds, etc.

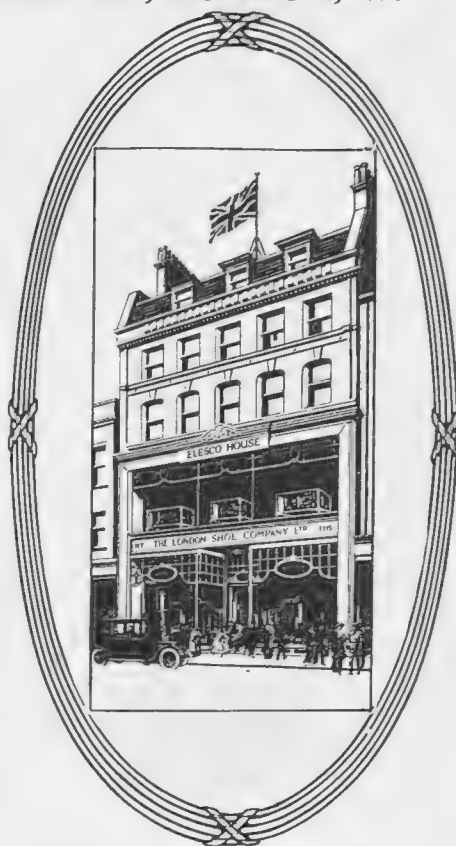
At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

Have YOU Seen "ELESCO HOUSE"?

117, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.

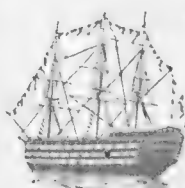
THIS is without dispute the most beautiful Footwear Shop, with unquestionably the largest and most varied stocks of Boots and Shoes in Europe. The House is devoted to Footwear Beautiful—Exquisite, superb in quality and incomparable value.

PRE-WAR Prices obtain now, because all present stocks were bought before the enormous rise in the price of leathers occasioned by the War's demands. Our Prices must advance, inevitably, inexorably, and it is impossible to foresee how high. It is sound economy to buy for to-morrow as well as for to-day. You will certainly save money.



The LONDON SHOE CO., Ltd.,
117, NEW BOND STREET, W.

Also at 21, SLOANE STREET, W., & 123, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.



By Royal Warrant Makers of Sailor Suits to the Queen

EVERYTHING
FOR BOYS—
EVERYTHING
FOR GIRLS—

ROWE'S SALE

OF
Boys' & Girls'
School Outfits
is now
proceeding,
and will
continue until
January 16th.

MANY UNUSUAL
BARGAINS.

Write for the "Bargain Book."

ROWE
The Children's Shop
106 NEW BOND ST
W
(AND AT GOSPORT)



NO MORE BUSTLESS AND UNDEVELOPED WOMEN.

HOW TO CREATE 8 oz. TO 1 lb OF FIRM, HEALTHY FLESH UPON BUST, NECK, ARMS, OR SHOULDERS IN FOUR WEEKS.

To introduce latest scientific triumph in this country, Complete Information and Instructions will be sent to 1000 Readers of *The Sketch*.

Dr. Colonnay, the distinguished physician of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris, has at last made public the secret of his latest discovery. All readers of the French medical publications and journals devoted to feminine interests are now familiar with the astonishing results of his unique experiment upon 200 ladies, ranging from 16 to 60 years of age, some of them in the most weakly and anæmic state of health, and all absolutely lacking in bust development. Within five days the rapid growth of new flesh was noticeable in all cases. In three to six weeks busts that were flabby, sagging, and almost non-existent had developed from five to eight inches by actual measurement. Convincing statistical evidence shows that in 46 per cent. of the cases patients were compelled to stop treatment within four weeks on account of threatened over-development.



These photographs show more plainly than any words how an angular, masculine figure may now be quickly transformed to one of beautiful curves by means of the new method explained in this article.

Dr. Colonnay was the first to discover that various medicines, nostrums, prescriptions, dieting, apparatus, appliances, greasy creams, massage, and other expensive advertised methods always fail because they overlook the basic fact that the mammary glands of the bust are the only organs which lie idle the greater part of a woman's lifetime, hence they can never be developed like muscles.

A full description of just how this triumph of modern science causes new, firm, and healthy tissue to be created at will, and just why its stimulating action is exerted only upon the bust, neck, shoulders or arms, but never upon abdomen, hips, or other parts of the body, would require more space than is available for this special article, but arrangements have just been made whereby readers of *The Sketch* are enabled to obtain all necessary information by promptly using coupon below. There is no charge for this, but, if convenient, two penny stamps may be enclosed for posting expenses.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Readers are particularly cautioned not to use this new method where more flesh is not desired, as the enlargement when once produced is absolutely permanent and cannot be reduced afterwards. It is usually advisable to stop treatment about three days before the bust attains the exact size and firmness desired, as the stimulating effect may continue for two or three days, but never longer.

FREE COUPON

FRENCH BUST-DEVELOPING METHOD
Coupon positively void after Jan. 23.

Entitling (name)
Address
to receive under plain, sealed cover, absolutely free of cost, full particulars in regard to new method for developing the bust to any desired size and firmness.
Enclose this coupon or mention number given below, as evidence that you are entitled to accept this offer, which is exclusively for the benefit of *Sketch* readers. Only one member of each family may apply.
Address—MARGARET MERLAIN, Secretary, Pembroke House, Oxford Street, London, W.
Sketch, Coupon No. 260.

CAUTION.

The Proprietors of
SCHWEITZER'S
"COCOATINA," "FAIRY COCOA," etc., beg to inform their clients that none of their products are manufactured in Germany; that they are a private English Company managed by a Board of English Directors, and that all shares are held by relatives and connections by marriage of the late sole proprietor, Captain Thomas Edward Symonds, R.N.



A NATIONAL NEED : NAPOLEON—ROAD-MAKER : CARS AND QUAGMIRES.

A Fine Opportunity.

Good may come out of evil in a variety of ways, and, so far as internal conditions are concerned, the war may reasonably be expected to be of advantage to this country in the way of producing a widespread improvement in our roads. In the first place, if unemployment becomes in any way appreciable, what better means could be devised of finding useful labour than in the making of new roads, to the benefit not merely of the distressed alone, but of the community at large? To this day the best roads to be found in Ireland, for example, are those which are known as "famine" roads; they were constructed, in fact, for the relief of the peasantry during the period when, owing to the failure of the potato crops, the inhabitants of the Emerald Isle were reduced to abject poverty and starvation. The Government came to the rescue with road-making schemes, and not only has Ireland profited ever since by improved facilities for road locomotion, but thousands of tourists have explored Kerry and other western districts under conditions which may well have caused them to wish that the famine had been of an even more serious nature, and the area of road-building or road-improving made more extensive as a consequence.

The Value of Military Roads.

Apart from unemployment, the war has emphasised to the people of England almost for the first time the value of good highways from the military point of view. Save for the fact that the best roads of Scotland were built by General Wade, Britons have hardly ever had cause to regard road-building in its military aspects; but on the Continent almost everything in the nature of a colossal scheme has been effected solely or mainly from reasons of strategy. Immeasurably the greatest road system of the world, of course, is that of France; but how did it come about? Simply because the great Napoleon realised the advantages of being in a position to march his armies in any direction from Paris, not only within the

Chaos on Salisbury Plain.

England is so liberally intersected with roads—good, bad, or indifferent—and with an accompanying network of railways, that probably all but those who have studied the question would scoff at the very idea of our being inadequately equipped with effective lines of communication. As a matter of fact, however, there are more areas in England that are without road-links at all than might be supposed; but, above all else, there are the questions of quality and width. At the present moment the state of things in the neighbourhood of Salisbury Camp is nothing if not appalling. Cars are daily being driven through quagmires, and time and money alike are being squandered by the atrocious inefficiency of the road system in a district which is of paramount importance during the war. Many, moreover, of what must be called main roads, for lack of a better word, are thoroughly unsatisfactory as a means for the rapid transportation of troops, and a striking example is the road from Guildford to Reigate by way of Dorking, which is so narrow in parts that two vehicles can hardly pass abreast. Then, again, the way in which roads of good design are allowed to deteriorate in surface quality is often astounding. A few days ago I drove to Brighton, but instead of going down Handcross Hill I took the left-hand road through Cuckfield and Burgess Hill. From the latter village onwards the road is wide, and normally should be very good, but at the present time it is nothing but a series of pot-holes for several miles, and these, as the weather was very bad, were full of water. A cyclist could hardly have ridden through them, while the car was bumped about unmercifully.

Fun at the Front. Apparently there is going to be some fun at the front of a new and unexpected kind. The use of horses for transport purposes has been limited enough during the war, thanks to the splendid services of the magnificent array



FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT ARNOLD J. MILEY.



FLIGHT-COMMANDER CECIL F. KILNER.

THE SEAPLANE-RAID ON CUXHAVEN: TWO OF THE SEVEN NAVAL OFFICERS WHO PERFORMED THE EXPLOIT.

Flight-Lieut. Arnold John Miley qualified as an airman in 1913, and was appointed to his present rank in the Naval Flying Wing last July. Flight-Commander Cecil Francis Kilner, an officer of the Royal Marines, qualified in 1913, and became Commander in the Naval Flying Wing last September.



FLIGHT-COMMANDER FRANCIS E. T. HEWLETT.



FLIGHT SUB-LIEUTENANT VIVIAN G. BLACKBURN.



FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT CHARLES H. K. EDMONDS.



FLIGHT-COMMANDER ROBERT P. ROSS.



FLIGHT-COMMANDER DOUGLAS A. OLIVER.

THE SEAPLANE-RAID ON CUXHAVEN: FIVE OF THE SEVEN NAVAL OFFICERS WHO PERFORMED THE EXPLOIT.

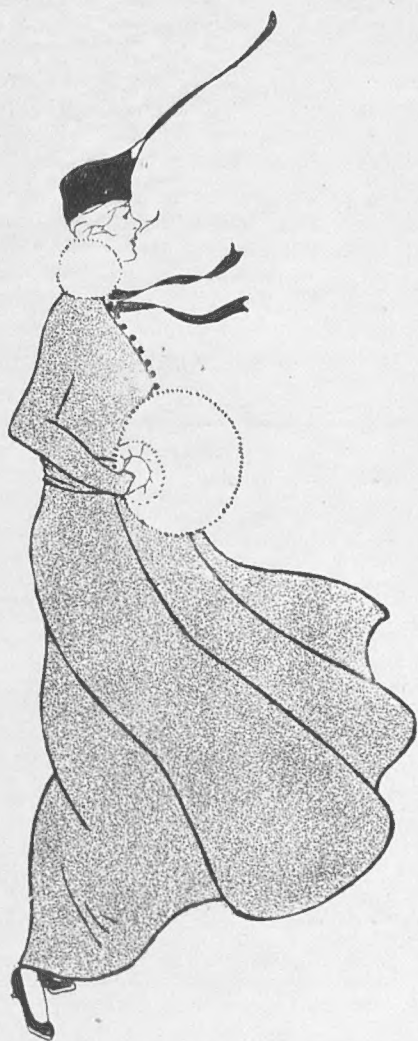
Flight-Commander Francis Hewlett, at first reported "missing," but now known to be safe, qualified as an airman in 1911, and became Commander last July. He is the only son of Mr. Maurice Hewlett, the author. Flight Sub-Lieut. Vivian Gaskell Blackburn qualified in 1913, and joined the Royal Naval Air Service with a temporary commission last August.

Flight-Lieut. Charles Humphrey Kingsman Edmonds qualified in 1912, and gained his present rank last July. Flight-Commander Robert Pell Ross qualified in 1913, and was promoted Commander last September. Flight-Commander Douglas Austin Oliver, the senior of the seven, qualified in 1913, and became Commander last July.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau and Birkett.

borders of France, but over the Alps into other countries. No one who has not driven by road from Paris to Turin can form any idea of what a Napoleonic road implies; but the Mont Cenis is only one of the many items of the great Corsican's magnificent achievements. Precisely the same consideration, moreover, applies elsewhere; the world-famous road over the Stelvio Pass is a military road, as also are the splendid series of Tyrolean passes constructed in the last decade, to say nothing of many others in the Alps.

of motor-lorries, but now it would seem that, probably owing to casualties, there are not enough horses to go round, and mules are to be employed instead. It may be expected that the mules which are being requisitioned are of the type one sees in the Pyrenees and other mountainous districts. They are fine and hardy animals, quite indistinguishable from horses unless one looks at their ears. At the same time, the mule has not as sweet a temper as the average horse, and it remains to be seen whether he will or will not jib under fire.



WRITE for BOOKLET
of
"MARSHALL - GRADE"
BARGAINS

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S WINTER SALE

means, as always, bargains
in Dress Fabrics of every
description.

Your opportunities in the
Sale are undiminished.

We hold the stock now
and need the room for new
goods the British manu-
facturer is producing for
the New Season.

Our necessity is your
opportunity.

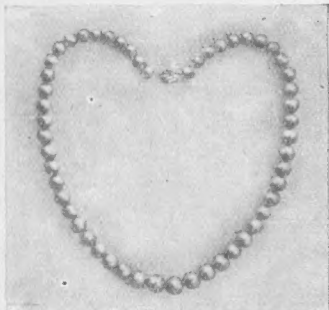
THE SALE
NOW PROCEEDING

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

LIMITED

The First Gentle-House
of Europe
VERE ST. & OXFORD ST.
LONDON

SESSEL PEARLS



are perfect reproductions. Made by a
secret process which imparts the sheen,
delicacy of tone, and durability of the finest
Oriental Pearls. No pearl will stand more
tests than ours and we offer one hundred
guineas to anyone who will show us a
more perfect duplicate of the real pearl.

Brochure No. 1 on request, post free.
Special attention paid to Post Orders.

Beautiful Collar of Sessel Pearls
with Plain Gold Clasp in
handsome fitted case - £4 4 0
Real Diamond Clasp with Sessel
Pearl, Emerald, Sapphire, or
Ruby Centre - from £2 2 0
Sessel Pearl Rings, Studs, Ear-
rings, Scarfpins on Gold
Mountings - from £1 10 0

Old Jewels taken in exchange or purchased for cash.

SESSEL, 14, New Bond Street, London, W. (Directly opposite) Aspreys.

REMEMBER THE BABIES!

The little ones at this time need all the care we can
lavish upon them. Study their health and comfort by using

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE

TOILET POWDER

Relieves Chafing, Redness,
Roughness, Soothing and
Emollient.

TOILET CREAM

May be safely used on the
most delicate and sensitive
skin.

TOILET SOAP

Delightfully perfumed. Pro-
motes the healthy action of
the skin.

PRICES from 1/- PATRONISED BY ROYALTY.

Prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors.

JOHN TAYLOR, Manufacturing Chemist, 13, BAKER ST., London, W.



CARTERS

Telegrams:
"Bathchair, Westdo,
London."

ESTABLISHED OVER 60 YEARS.

Telephone:
1040 Mayfair.

"COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE FOR THE WOUNDED."

OUR SELF-PROPELLING CHAIRS

AND HAND-TRICYCLES, FOR
INDOOR AND OUTDOOR USE.

ENABLE INVALIDS & THOSE TEMPORARILY
DISABLED, TO FORGET THEIR HANDICAP—

and accompany their friends on outdoor excursions.

The Lightest, Easiest Self-propulsion.

The "Wiesbaden" new
Model has caned frames,
adjustable back and slid-
ing leg-rest for either or
both legs.

Luxuriously Upholstered
Chairs a speciality.

Write for
"MODERN
COMFORT
FURNITURE"
(600 Illus-
trations).
The
Standard
Book of
Reference
for Invalids
and Comfort
Lovers.
Post Free.



The "Wiesbaden."

Over 30 Designs,
at all prices, from

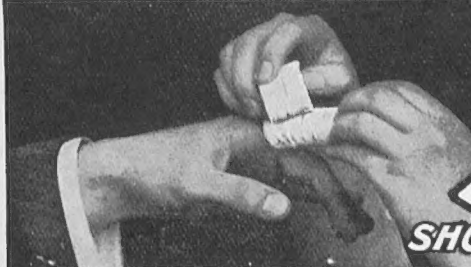
42/-

J. & A. CARTER, 2, 4, & 6, New Cavendish St., London, W.

SOOTHING, HEALING & ANTISEPTIC.

Zam-Buk

SHOULD ALWAYS BE KEPT HANDY FOR CUTS, WOUNDS & SORES



MISCELLANEOUS.

IT is reassuring to find that familiar feature of the London landscape, "The Post Office London Directory" (Kelly's Directories, Ltd.), still as conspicuous as ever, in spite of Zeppelin menaces, in the new edition for 1915. It is the 116th year of issue of this monumental and indispensable work, the loss of which would indeed be a serious blow to British trade. But it would need a very powerful projectile to pierce the London Directory, and any British soldier who carried a copy in his pocket would be safe from German bullets at least in one direction. London's vast address-book may be had with or without the county suburbs—with them in two volumes at 43s. 6d., and in one volume at 40s.; without them in one volume at 32s. The usual first-rate maps are included.

Indispensable to the literary, artistic, and journalistic worlds, and of considerable general interest, "The Writers' and Artists' Year-Book, 1915," published by Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, has just made its appearance. It is, as usual, brimful of useful and

authentic information, without which no one connected with literature and art in their many developments can afford to be.

Many letters from soldiers at the front have dwelt on the priceless boon of a good supply of dry matches. Messrs. Bryant and May have produced a very handy and efficient "Service" match-box cover, which fits closely over an ordinary small box of their famous safety matches, protects it from wet and rough usage, and contains a wind-screen for a match when being lit. These covers, which can be had in silver, nickelled brass, aluminium, or in metal with a dull black finish, should be invaluable to our troops.

A particularly pleasant and practical way of helping Belgian sufferers is to purchase one or more boxes of Boisselier's chocolates, for the manufacturers of this palatable sweetmeat devote one-fifth of the total receipts to the *Daily Telegraph* Shilling Fund, to be given to H.M. the King of the Belgians for the Belgian sufferers. The Boisselier Belgian chocolates can be obtained at stores and confectioners at 5s., 3s., or 1s. 6d. a box, or from the Watford Manufacturing Company, Victoria Works, Watford.

EXAMPLES—

MANTLES

M.A. 3420. Smartly cut Coat, in pony Cloth, of British manufacture. Lined through silk. Skunk opposum collar.

Season's Price 94/6
Sale Price 79/6

FURS

F.U. 25. Ten smart Model Coats, in Seal Coney, designed from a Paris model.

Usual Price 8½ gns.
Sale Price 6½ gns.

GOWNS

"Marlborough" Gown. Afternoon Gown in soft satin. As shown in this season's fashion Catalogue. All new colours.

Usual Price 5½ gns.
Sale Price 4 gns.

MILLINERY

M.I. 79. Charming Hat in Taffeta, bunch of silk grapes on brim. In several pretty light shades and black.

Usual Price 35/9
Sale Price 15/9

BLOUSES

B.S. "Joane." 400 heavy Jap Silk Shirts, well tailored, perfect fitting. Sizes 13 to 15.

Usual Price 10/9
Sale Price 6/11

Sale Catalogue post free.

The Great Opportunity to Economise in All Things.

HARRODS
ONE-WEEK
SALE

Begins Monday Next, Jan. 11,
Ends January 16.

REMNANTS HALF-PRICE JAN. 15.

NO JOB GOODS. Our Regular
Stocks only at Enormous Reductions.

HARRODS LTD. LONDON S.W. RICHARD BURBIDGE,
Managing Director.

EXAMPLES—

MISSES

J.C. 63. Misses Coat and Skirt, made and finished by our own tailors. In Navy and Black suiting, also in Navy and coloured fancy chevots; coat lined silk to waist. Sizes for young ladies 14 to 18 years.

Sale Price, all sizes 63/-

SILKS

1400 yards Black Peau de Luxe. A dull satin of charmeuse effect, reliable wearing qualities. 39 to 42 in. wide.

Usual Price per yard, 5/9 to 7/11
Sale Price per yard 6/11

GLOVES

L.G. 226. Ladies' best quality Black Mocha, velvet finish. Lined silk.

Usual Price 4/9
Sale Price per pair 3/11

MANCHESTER

"SPUNJAMA" (Regd.) Harrods Silk Warp Shirting. All new designs to select from. At Reduced Prices for Sale Week only. 31 in. wide.

Usual Price
Sale Price

Fine Twill Weave, per yard, 1/11½ 1/8½

Oxford Matt Weave „ 2/6½ 2/2

The reductions in "Spunjama" will be strictly limited to Sale Week only.

Sale Catalogue post free.

Waterproof

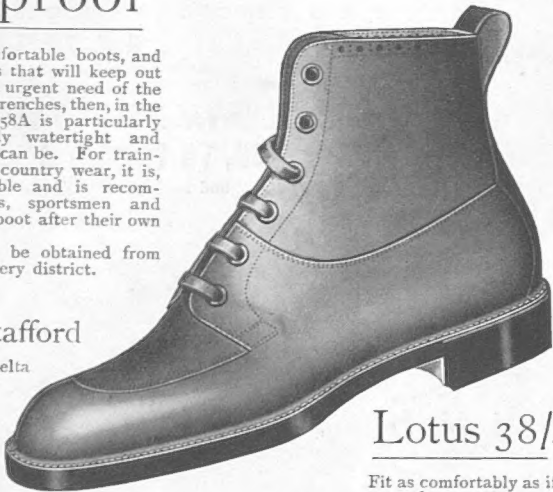
GOOD boots, comfortable boots, and above all, boots that will keep out the wet, are the urgent need of the hour. For the trenches, then, in the first place, Lotus No. 358A is particularly adapted, being absolutely watertight and as comfortable as a boot can be. For training camps and ordinary country wear, it is, of course, equally suitable and is recommended to all soldiers, sportsmen and country gentlemen as a boot after their own hearts.

All Lotus boots can be obtained from at least one agent in every district.

Letters

Lotus Ltd, Stafford

Manufacturers of Delta and Lotus Boots



Lotus 38/.

Fit as comfortably as if made to measure.

FREE INSURANCE SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE
OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd.,
36 to 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

To whom Notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within fourteen days to the above address.

COUPON = INSURANCE TICKET.

(Applicable to Passenger Trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, season ticket holder, or trader's ticket holder, and who at the time of such accident had upon his person, or had left at home, this ticket, attached or detached, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within ninety days thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

January 6, 1915

Signature.....

Subscribers paying yearly or half-yearly in advance, either direct to the publisher or to a Newsagent, are not required to sign the above Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, but will be held covered under the terms of same during the currency of their subscriptions, provided that a certificate to this effect be obtained in respect of each period of subscription. This can be done by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope, accompanied by the Newsagent's receipt and two penny stamps for registration.

THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd., 36-44, Moorgate Street, London, E.C.

SERVICE DRESS
FOR IMMEDIATE WEAR
OR TO ORDER IN 24 HOURS
ACCURACY & FIT GUARANTEED



Field Service JACKET from 55/-
BREECHES „ 25/-
GREAT COAT „ 84/-
WARM COAT „ 63/-
RAIN COAT „ 55/-
PUTTEES „ 6/6
LEGGINGS „ 25/-

PATTERNS
POST FREE.

UNEQUALLED
VALUE, FIT,
AND STYLE.

SUITS
& OVERCOATS
In Great Variety, from
63/-
(As sold elsewhere
from 4 & 5 Gns.)
PATTERNS POST FREE.

ONLY MAKER of "HALLZONE" IDEAL "GOLD MEDAL"
21/- RIDING BREECHES
(Exact Materials as sold elsewhere from 25/- Gns.)
We specialise on Cut & Fit of Dress, Morning & Hunting Suits.
Perfect Fit Guaranteed from Self-measurement Form.

HARRY HALL,
"The" Coat, Breeches & Habit Specialist.

207, OXFORD ST., W. 149, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
VISITORS TO LONDON can leave measures for SUITS,
BREECHES, &c., for future use, or order to fit same day.

DR DE JONGH'S
LIGHT - BROWN
COD LIVER OIL

IN USE OVER SIXTY YEARS FOR
CONSUMPTION, DISEASES OF THE CHEST and
THROAT, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, DEBILITY &
GENERAL WASTING DISEASES.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING CHEMISTS & STORES -
Sole Consignees: ANSAR, HARFORD & CO, LTD
182, GRAYS INN ROAD, LONDON.

RESTORE THE
VOICE WITH

EVANS'
PASTILLES

Immediately
soothe the throat
and allay irritation

Of all Chemists, in 1/- Boxes.
Sole Manufacturers:-
Evans Sons Lescher & Webb, Ltd.,
LIVERPOOL and LONDON.

The Illustrated London News
FINE-ART PLATES, PHOTOGRAVURES, ETC.
ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE.
172, STRAND, W.C.

"JOIN THE RANKS—"



OF THOSE WHO TAKE

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Have You Bought the Little Long Paper?

IF NOT, LOOK OUT FOR THIS COVER.

It is that of PART 22 of the

BEST SPECIAL PUBLICATION DEALING WITH THE WAR.

(ISSUED BY THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.")



Not only is the "ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS" unique in shape, but it is the only Record of the War that contains

32 PAGES OF PHOTOGRAVURE IN EACH NUMBER

and **48 PAGES IN ALL.**

BINDING COVER, IN HALF-MOROCCO,

FOR VOLUME I. (the first 12 parts) NOW ON SALE.

Price 3/- with Title-page - - - - - Post free 3d. extra.

Or can be obtained through all newsagents and railway bookstalls.

The COMPLETE VOLUME, Beautifully Bound in Half-Morocco, Price 10/6.